A POSTE VVITH a madde Packet of Letters.

LONDON

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1602.

To the Reader.

Gentle if you be, be you ſo gentle Reader, you ſhal vnderſtand, that I know not whē, there came a Poſt I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carryed I knowe not what: But in his way I knowe not how, it was his happe with lacke of heed, to let fall a Packet of Idle Papers; the ſuperſcription whereof, beeing onely to him that findes it, beeing my fortune to light on it, ſeeing no greater ſtile in the direction, fell to opening of the encloſure, in which I founde diuers Letters written, to whom, or from whom, I could not learne. Now for the Contents of the Circumſtances, when you haue red them, iudge of them: and as you like them, regard them. And for my ſelfe, if I heare you like well of them, when I meet next with the Poſte, it may be I will caſt about with him for more of them: till then, fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, leſt you like the worſe of that which followeth: I reſt as I haue reaſon.

Your louing friend,

Nicho. Breton.

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A Letter of Newes, and the anſwere.

A Poſte with a mad Packet *Of Letters.*

A Letter of comfortable aduiſe to a Friend.

HOneſt Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extreame melancholy, by reaſon of the ſodaine departure of Parnella out of this life: for thy ſake I am ſorie ſhe hath left her paſſage on this earth, though being too good for this worlde, ſhe be ſurely gone to a better; now, if thy mourning could recouer her from death, I could willingly beare part of thy paſſion, but when it doth her no good, and thy ſelfe much hurt, let not a wilfull humour leade thee into a wofull Conſumption. Thou knowest ſhe is ſenceleſſe in the graue, and wilt thou therefore be witleſſe in the world? Say thy loue is extreame, and let me beleeue it, wilt thou therefore deprriue nature of reaſon? God forbid it: well, thou knowest I loue thee, and in my loue let me aduiſe thee, not to goe from thy ſelfe, with an imagination of what was, to loſe that which is: becauſe ſhe is in heauen, wilt thou be in hell? or if ſhe be halfe an Angell, wilt thou be more then halfe a deuel? Oh ſpend thy ſpirit in a better humour: let not the remembrance of her perfection driue thee into imperfections: nor make loue hatefull to other, by ſeeing the vnhappineſſe in thy ſelfe. Oh let not fanſie ſhew folly in thee, howſoeuer vertue deſerued honour in her: Leaue thy ſolitary humor, and come and liue with me, we will deuiſe ſome good meanes for the remoue of this melancholy: In the meantime make not ſo much of it, leaſt it proue to a madneſſe: Loue thy ſelfe, and beleeue thy

friend,

friend, and what is in me to do thee good, commaund as thine owne: glad I would be to see thee, as he who dotty entierly loues thee; and so desirous to heare from thee, to the Almightie I leaue thee. Farewell.

Thine as his owne.

D. F.

His Answere.

KInde Francke, I haue receiued thy friendly Letter, and note thy carefull loue: but pardon me, if I do not answere thee to thy liking: Alas, how can he truly iudge of life, that neuer kindly was in loue? or know how soundly to help a sorrow, that neuer inwardly felt it? reading makes a scholler by rule, and obseruation I know doth much in the perfecting of Art, but experience is that which toucheth knowledge to the quicke. My mistresse beautie was no Mone shine, whose vertue gaue light to the harts eye, nor her wisdom, an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect vnderstanding: and for her Graces, are they not written among the vertuous? Thou saidst well, she was too heauenly a creature to make her habitatiō on this earth, & is it not then a kind of hell, to be without her in the world? Imaginations are no dreames, where substances are the obiects of the sences, while the eye of memorie, is neuer weary of seeing. My honest Francke, thinke thou hast not liued, that hast not loued, nor canst liue in this world to haue such a loue to die in: It is a dull spirit that is fed with oblivion, and a dead sence, that hath no feeling of loue: thinke therefore what was, is with me: and my selfe as nothing, without the enioying of that something, which was to me as all in all. Is not the presence of an Angell, able to ranish the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beautie the life of loue? Leaue then to burthen me with imperfections in my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my paradise, and whose ablence, my worlds hell: thou doest misconstrue my good, in languishing for her lacke, and knowest not my hurt, in thinking of any other comfort: No Francke, let it suffice, though I loue thee, I cannot

forget

forget her: and though I live with thee, yet will I die for her: haue patience then with my passion, till time better temper my affection, in which most deuoted to thee of any man liuing, til I see thee, which shall be as shortly as I well can, I rest.

Thine as thou knowest. D. E.

A Letter of aduise to a yong Courtier.

MY good Cousen, I heare you are of late growne a great Courtier, I wish you much grace, and the continuing of your best comfort: but for that your yeares haue not had time to see much, and your kindnesse may hap to be abused, let me intreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I tell you: Keep your purse warily, and your credit charily, your reputation valiantly, and your honor carefully: for your friends, as you finde them, vse them: for your enemies, feare them not, but looke to them: for your loue, let it be secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing: for, if fansie be a wanton, wit will be a fole: Scorne not Ladies, for they are worthy to be loued: but make not loue to many, lest thou be beloued of none: if thou hast a fauour, be not proud of thy fortune, but thinke it discretion, to conceale a contentment: goe neat, but not gaie, lest it argue lightnesse, and take heed of lauish expence, lest it begger thy state: play little, and lose not much, vse exercise, but make no toyle of a pleasure: Reade much, but dull not thy braine, and conferre but with the wise, so shalt thou get vnderstanding. Pride is a kinde of coynesse, which is a little too womannish, and common familiaritie, is too neare the Clowne for a Courtier: but carry thy selfe euen, that thou maist fall on neither side: so wil the wise commend thee, and the better sort affect thee: but let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee: and therfore as I liue, let it suffise I loue thee. And so wishing thee as much good, as thou canst wish to be wished, in praier for thy health, and hope of thy happines, to my vttermost power, I rest, in affectionate good will.

Thine euer assured: H. L.

His Answere.

SWeete Cousen, I thinke you haue either some Court in the Country, or else you are much studied in the Courtier, that you can set downe such rules, as are no lesse worthy the reading, then obseruing: beleeue me, they shall be my best leysures studies, and in my daily courses my counsellors, my solicitors in loue, and my Iudges in honor, my guiders in greatest hopes, and my admonitions in greatest dangers: for your paines in them, I thank you, and for your kindnesse, I loue you: your care of me, I see by them, and wil not vnkindly forget them. I must confesse, I finde Courtiers close people, and Ladies strange creatures, and loue so idle an humor, that I am afraide to loose time in it: but the better by your aduise I hope to carry a hand ouer it. For apparel, I wil keepe my stint, and care for no fond fashion: and for exercise, nature is so giuen to ease, that good qualities are almost out of vse: and for vertue, poore Lady, she is scarce able to liue with her pensioner: but for study, I haue litle time, so much company withdraweth me: and for a booke, next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Library. And thus smiling at such Gulls, as think no grace, but in a gay coat, nor wit, but in a stale Iest, noting many a begger like a king, and many a Lord like a poore gentleman, seeing the truth of Salomon, in his conclusiõ of all earthly comforts: that all vnder ỹ Sun is vanitie: meaning not to be a seruant to a base humor, nor to reach higher thẽ I may hold fast in thankful kindnes for thy carefull Letter, and faithfull affection to thy worthy selfe, wishing thee so neare me, that I might neuer be from thee, I rest.

Thine what mine owne. N. B.

A mournfull Letter to a brother.

GOod brother, the misery of my home life, the crosnesse of my cruell fortune, and the vnkindnes of my vnnatural kin, haue made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latest houre, and yet loth to dispaire of Gods mercies, willing, to take any good course for my commoditie, I haue of late bin perswaded

ſwaded by ſome of experience in their trauailes into thoſe parts, that my trauaile into the lowe Countries would be much to my commoditie, as wel for my language as my ſkil in ſuch traffique, as I wold make vſe of in thoſe places: but my ſtate being ſo down the wind, that I know not how to get vp the weather, hauing no ſtock to laie out, to giue me hope to bring in, I wil euen ſet vp my reſt vpon my reſolution of fortune, and thruſt my ſelfe into ſome place of ſeruice, where I will either win the horſe, or loſe the ſadle: if I die, mercie is my comfort, if I liue, deſert is my hope: but to the helping forth of this my forlorne ſpirit, good brother put to your hand, aſſuring your ſelfe, that I wil not liue to be vngratefull: for as my heart loueth you, my ſoule ſhall pray for you, and when I haue time to ſee you, I wil not be from you. And thus agreeued to charge you, neuer more meaning to trouble you: beſeeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true loue of a naturall brother: I reſt. *Yours as mine owne.* *N. B.*

His Anſwere.

DEare brother, as I grieue at your croſſes, ſo would I that I could as wel procure your comforts. But my ſtate much inferior to my wil, makes me vnable to ſatiſfie your expectatiō: & yet wil I hurt my ſelf, rather then you ſhould periſh: for you ſhal receiue by this bearer, what I am able, and more, as I ſhalbe better able. But touching your courſes for the low Countries, I feare your traffique wil be but litle gainfull, the warres ſo eate vp the wealth of the country: and for your intent touching armes, I feare your forwardnes is too great for your experience. Yet do I ſo farre allow of your good mind herein, as I ſhould leſſe grieue to heare of your honorable death abroad, thē ſee your diſcōtented life at home: and therfore for winning the horſe, or loſing the ſaddle, leaue that to Gods bleſſing, who wil beſtow honor as it ſhall pleaſe his diuine prouidence: but good brother, haue patience with thy croſſes, attend mercie for thy comforts, & haue a care of home, howſoeuer thou fareſt abroad: I know thy mind is great, but take hēd ofpride leſt it be a bar to all thy fortune, and ouerthrow of all thine honor: I ſee thou art weary of ỹ world, make thē thy way toward heauē,

that God, who hath tried thée with calamities, may bleſſe thée with eternall comforts. In hope whereof, willing in all I can to helpe thée, praying hartily for thee, with my vnfained hearts loue vnto thee, to the Lord of heauen I leaue thee.

Thy louing brother, D. S.

A Letter of a Iealous husband to his wife.

WIfe, in as much kindneſſe as I can, I aduiſe you to leaue ſuch courſes, as are neither to your credit, nor my contentment: you know, much company, cauſes many occaſions of Idle ſpeeches, and yong men are not in theſe daies, giuen to ſpeak the beſt of their kind friends: trifles and toies, were better refuſed, thē accepted, and time idely ſpent, brings but beggery, or a worſe blot: of all the birds in the field, I loue not a Cuckoe in my houſe: truly I do not diſſemble with you, your light behauiour doth much diſlike me, and how glad I would be to haue it reformed, you ſhall know when I ſee it: ſhall I make you fine, to pleaſe an other, and diſpleaſe my ſelfe? ſhall I leaue you my houſe, to make an hoſpitalitie of ill fellowſhip? Fit me not ſo with the fole, how euer you feed your ſelfe with a foule humor: ſhake off ſuch acquaintance, as gaine you nothing but diſcredit, and make much of him that muſt as well winter you as ſommer you: Looke to your houſe, haue a care ouer your children, ſet your ſeruants to worke, and haue an eye to the maine chance, leaue tatling goſſips, Idle huſwiues, vaine headed fellowes, and needleſſe charge, ſo wil God bleſſe you, and the world wil thriue with you, your neighbours ſpeake well of you, and I ſhall truly loue you. And thus, hoping that you wil by this my ſecret admonition, haue a care of your good carriage, I reſt in hope of your well doing.

Your louing husband.

T. F.

Her

Her cunning Anſwere.

HVſband, with as much patience as I can, I haue red ouer your vnwiſe Letter, wherein Iealouſie kéepes ſuch a ſtirre, that loue doth but laugh at ſuch Idleneſſe: much company driues away idle thoughts, and for feare it is good to be afraide of bad I wiſt: Ill thoughts beget ill ſpeéches, and an olde dog bites ſorer then a yong whelpe: for beggery, let it fall vpon the ſlothfull, I know how to worke for my liuing: and for blots, ſpeak to ſcribblers, for I haue no ſkil in writing. Now for the Bird, to anſwer you with the Beaſt: I thinke a Calfe in a Cloſet, is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were ſullaine, you would ſure ſuſpect my humor, and doo you miſlike my merrie behauiour? well, your conceit may be deformed, in being ſo wrongfully informed, to haue me ſo ſuddeinly reformed. My fineneſſe, is your countenance, and my converſation, your credit: and therefore do you ſhake off your lowzie humors, I wil make choyſe of better company: your houſe wil ſtand faſt, if it fall not, and your children be quieter then their Father, your ſeruants earne their wages, and the maine chaunce, is nicked well inough: Women muſt talke when they meéte, and men not be ſcorned, though not entertained: and hée that kéepeth a houſe, muſt ſéeke to defraie the charge. And ſo hoping that you wil leaue your Iealouzie, and thinke of ſome matter of more worth, as carefull of my carriage, as you of your credit, meaning to do as well as I can without your teaching, and as well, as if you were at home. I reſt.

Your too much louing wife. I. F.

A Letter of kind Complements to a Friend.

WHere I loue much, I ſpeak little, for affection hath ſmal pleaſure in ceremonies, your kindneſſe I haue found, my deſert I dare not ſpeake of, leaſt it more offend my ſelfe to thinke on, then you to loke on, but ſince you haue made me happie in your acquaintance, let me not too long lacke your

company, for though I liue among many good neighbours, yet do I much want the comfort of so good a friend, by whom I should not only gaine the vse of Time, but finde the profit of my desires: which tuning ſsue with your humors, cannot but so concurre with your contentment, that if there be a paradiſe on the earth, I hope to finde it in the faire paſſages of our loues, which grounded on vertue, and growing in kindneſſe, cannot chuſe but be bleſſedly fruitfull. In briefe, til I ſee you, I will mourne, and if not the ſooner, I ſhall languiſh: for, my wiſhing and want cannot be ſatisfied with abſence: haſten therefore your comming, and make your own welcome: for what I haue or am, enter in the Rowle of your poſſeſſion, where in the freehold of my loue, I aſſure the ſubſtance of my life. And ſo leauing compliments, to tongue ſpirits, in the truth of an honeſt heart: I reſt.

Yours as you do and ſhall euer know me. N. B.

His Anſwere.

SWeet, I haue receiued your kind Letter, and I finde you verie fine at your corner, you wil ſpeake, and ſay nothing: be eloquent in plainneſſe, but you muſt not ſpeake in the cloudes, to them that are acquainted with the Moone: and ſay what you wil, I muſt beleeue of my ſelfe what I liſt: for indeed, I know mine owne vnworthineſſe, of your commendation, in which, I will rather beare with your affection, then be conceited with your opinion. Yet, not to be either diſdainful, or vngratefull, be not ſo farre deceiued in my diſpoſition, that wherein my preſence may pleaſure you, I wil anſwere you with mine abſence, nor long delaie your expectation: for excuſe, is but cold kindneſſe, and too much haſte is not fit: therefore aſſoone as I conueniently can, I aſſure you, you ſhall ſee me, and in full meaſure with your affection finde me, to the vttermoſt of my power, rather in action then protestation, during life: in faire weather or foule.

Yours as mine owne. W. R.

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter of Loue to a Gentlewoman.

FAire Miſtreſſe, to Court you with eloquence, were as ill as to græue you with groſſe humors: let it therefore pleaſe you, rather to beleeue what I write, then to note how I ſpeak, for my hart being fixed in your eies, hath vowed my ſeruice to your beautie: in which, finding reaſons admiration, can think but of nature in her perfection: in which, being rauiſhed about it ſelfe, craueth of your fauour to be inſtructed by your kindnes: I meane no further then in obedience to your commaundement: for if I be anything my ſelfe, it ſhall be nothing more then yours: and leſſe then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you aboue ẏ ſkies, compare you with the Sunne, or ſet you among the Starres, figure you with the Phœnix, and imagine you a Goddeſſe: but I will leaue ſuch weake praiſing fictions, and thinke you onely your ſelfe: whoſe vertuous beautie, and whoſe honorable diſcretion, in the care of a little kindnes, is able to command the loue of ẏ wiſe, and the labours of the honeſt, with the beſt of their endeuours in the happineſſe of your imployment, to ſeeke the height of their fortune: thinke not therefore I flatter you in hope of fauour, but honour you in ẏ deſert of worthineſſe: in which if you will vouchſafe to entertaine the ſeruice of my affection, what you ſhall find in my loue, I will leaue to your kindnes to cõſider. In the care of which comfort, craning pardon to my preſumption, I reſt humbly and wholy,

Yours deuoted to be commaunded. E. W.

Her Anſwere.

SIr, I haue heard ſchollers ſay, that it is Art to cõceale Art, and that vnder a face of ſimplicitie, is hidden much ſubtiltie: of which, howe ſillie Women nede to be afraide, I will leaue to wiſe men to conſider. And though I cannot in fine nor fitte tearmes, aunſwere the humour of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely faſhion, I will entreate you to accept

accept of my writing: Perfection and corruption, cannot meete together in one subiect, and therefore my imagined beautie, being but a shadow of deceit, beleeue not your eyes, til they haue a better speculation: and for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing, that is drawne into admiration of nothing: only this, not vnkindly to requit your good thoughts of little worth, leauing fictions to idle fansies, let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, and to honour a better substance then my vnworthie selfe. And yet, so farre to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conueniently countermaund the care of your kindnesse, excuse my indiscretion, if I faile of my desire, in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commaunded by my vnworthinesse, I rest as I may.

Your louing poore friend. M. W.

A Letter of scorne to a coy Dame.

MIstresse Fubbes, if you were but a little faire, I see you would be mightily proude, and had you but the wit of a Gose, you would surely out hisse the Gander: but, being with as bad qualities as can be wished, as rich as a new shorne shæpe, I hope, fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you further then the begger: It is not your holy-day face put on, after the ilfauoured fashion, can make your halfe Nose, but ougly in a true sight: and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Taylor, you might be set vp for the Signe of the Sea Crabbe. Now, for your parentage, to helpe out the hope of all the rest, when the Tinkers sonne, and the Coblers daughter, met vnder a hedge at the milking of a Bull, within forties weeks after, what fel out you know. Now, not to plainly to laie open the fowle members of a filthie carkasse, but, as patiently as I can to keepe Decorum, in your description, let me tell you, that all this, and much more, being true in your disgraces, I cannot chuse but marualle, that you mourne not to death in imagination: to thinke, that a monster in nature, can haue any grace in reason; but, let it be as it is: I haue

but

But loſe a little breath in talking to a deafe eare, for I meane to take no more trauell to the ſubiect of ſo ill an obiect: and therefore meaning to make my farewell and beginning with you, both at one inſtant, leauing you to loathe your ſelf, as one, whom no creature can well be in loue withall: for ie that I euer ſaiwe you, and neuer more entending to trouble you. In recompence of your courſe entertainment, I reſt in all vnkindneſſe: this preſent and alwaies. *Yours as much as may be. T. E.*

Her Anſwere.

MAiſter Swaſh, it is not your huffie ruffie, can make me afraid of your bigge lokes: for I ſaiwe the plaie of Auncient Piſtoll, where a craking coward was well cudgeled for his knauery: your railing is ſo neare the Raſcall, that I am almoſt aſhamed to beſtow ſo good a name as the Rogue vppon you: but for modeſties ſake, I will a little forbeare you, and only tell you, that a hanging loke, and a hollow hart, a cunning wit, and a corrupted conſcience, make you ſo fit a mate for the diuel, that there is no Chriſtian wil deſire your company: now for your ſtate, it is much vpon fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the paine of their heads is only healed with a halter: and for your linage, when the Bearewards Ape, and the hangmans Monky met together on a hay mowe, what a whelp came of ſuch of ſuch a litter, let the world iudge, I ſay nothing: now for your ſtumpe feete, and your lame hand, ſuting kindly with your wry necke, who would not make of their eyes, that could endure the ſight of ſuch a picture? now, your wealth being but in a fewe words, which you haue almoſt all ſpent in idle humors, hoping that the Mortus wil not quarel with the Crabbe, and that when you haue ſlept vpon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madneſſe, till the Woodcocke do tell you how the Dawcocke hath caught you, leauing further to thinke on you, more then vtterly to loathe you, glad that your entertainment was ſo much to your diſcontentment: In full meaſure with your malice, I reſt.

Yours as you ſee. A. W.

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter to a fowle Dowdie.

MIstresse, I heare that you thinke your selfe faire, but you are much deceiued, for the Curriers Dyle, is but a course kinde of painting: and for wit, howe farre you are from vnderstanding, the wise can tell you: now, for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leaue them, twere well: I wonder not a little, what madnesse hath possessed your braines, that you can make so much of your selfe: are your eyes your owne? or are they so sealed they cannot see? get you to your prayers, and leaue making of loue, for age and an euil fauour, had need to be helped with a good purse: I heare you study Musique, indeed, when an Owle sings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for shame learne not to dance, for a barrell can but tumble: but if you would vse a medicine for your teethe, you might be the better to speake with in a morning: what ailes you to buy a Fanne, except it be to hide your face? and til your handes be whole, you should weare but dogs leather for your gloues: In truth you abuse your selfe, that you keep not your chamber, for none sees you but laughes at you, or at least loatheth to looke vpon you: be therefore content to do as I wish you, speake with none but by Attorney, leaue the Painter to better Pictures, and rather grieue at natures for framing of you, then thinke of any thing that may helpe you: your gods bestow on me for my counsell, and make suite to Death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being weary of your selfe, you will hasten to your graue, I end.

Yours as you see. H. I.

Her Answere.

SIr you may thinke your selfe wise, but you do not shewe it, for railing words, are the worst testimonies of a good wit: for good qualities I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the euil: but for madnesse, I thinke it sorteth best with your humor. For the helpe whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the braine: but for ill sight, who is so blind as bold Bawrd, that wil not

see

ſie his owne folly: my prayers I will not forget to God, to bleſſe me from ſuch foule ſpirits on the earth, and for loue, more then Charitie, I hold you the furtheſt off in my thought: now knowing your pouertie, I wonder you will ſpeake of a purſe, and for an ilfauoured face, goe to Pariſh-garden to your good brother, indeed your Croidon ſanguine, is a moſt pure complexion: but for your Tabacco it is a good purge for your reines: for my Fanne it keepes me ſometime from the ſight of ſuch a vizard, as your good face: and for my hands I keepe my nailes on my fingers, though you cannot keepe your hayre on your head: now for laughing at fooles, you are prouided for a Coxcombe, and for loathing an ill countenance, let the hangman draw your picture: be therefore contented to be thus anſwered, ſpeake wiſely, or hold your peace, and be not buſie with your betters, leaſt you know the nature of had I wiſt: ſo, hoping that you wil be ſo wearie of the world, that you will hang your ſelfe for a medicine, to heale your wits of a melancholy, I will bequeath you a halter vpon free coſt, at your pleaſure: and ſo I reſt.

Your friend for ſuch a matter. E. P.

A Letter for the preferring of a ſeruant.

SIr, knowing your neceſſary vſe of a good ſeruant, and remembring your late ſpeech vnto me touching ſuch a matter, I thought good to commend vnto you in that behalfe the bearer hereof W. T. a man whoſe honeſt ſecrecie, and carefull diligence, vpon a reaſonable trial, will ſome make proofe of his ſufficiencie: his parentage is not baſe, nor his diſpoſition vile, but in all parts requiſite in one of his place, ſuch a one, as I am perſwaded will fit your turne: if therefore at my requeſt, you will entertaine him, I doubt not, but you wil thank me for him: for I was glad to get him for you, and hope to heare he will much content you: and thus loth to trouble you with longer circumſtances, leaning his ſeruice to your good regard, and my loue, to your like commandement in affectionate good will, I reſt.

Yours euer aſſured. N. B.

The Answere.

SIr, I haue receiued both your Letter, and the bearer, both which I wil make much of for your sake: for in the one I will often sée you, and in the other remember you: your commendatiõ of him, argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I wil as kindly, as thankfully think on: his countenance I like wel, and his speech better, and for the performance of my expectation, am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I sée you, you shall know how I like him, in the meane time, hée shall find that I wil loue him: for all things necessary for his present vse, I find him sufficiently furnished: but if I find his want, it shall be some supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kind debter til a good occasion of requital, with my hartie commendations, I commit you to the Almightie. *Your verie loving friend. R. T.*

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

MY best approued, and worthiest beloued Philo, I heare by some of late come from Venice, that séeme to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late, faine into an amorous humor, especially with a subiect of to much vnworthines: a newes, that (knowing thy spirit) I could hardly beléeue, but vpon solemne affirmation, I was sorie to heare: for, beautie, without wealth, is but a beggerly charme, & honor without vertue, is but a tittle for a Cittie: hath she a glib tongue? it is pittie she hath no better wit: is she wittie, it is a sorrow, it is no better bestowed: for the craft of one woman, is the confusion of many a man: doth she say she loues thée? beléeue her not: nay, doth she loue thée? regard it not: for it is a Iewell of so litle worth, as wil giue but losse in the buying: I feared the plague had taken hold of thy lodging: but thou art peppered with a world of infection: thy braine is infected with idlenesse, thy braine with dizinesse, and thy spirit with madnes: Oh leaue these follies, think loue but a dreame,

and

and beautie a shadow, and folly a witch, and repentance a misery: wake out of thy sleepe, and call thy wittes together, be not sotted with an humour, nor slaue to thy selfe will, leaue courting of a Curtizan, and keepe thy breath for a better blast: saue thy purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit: let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee: for my selfe, how I grieue for thee, I would I could tell thee: but let thus much suffice thee: beleeue nothing that shee saieth, care for nothing that she doth, nor giue her any thing that she wants: see her, but to purge melancholy, talke with her, but to sharpen wit, giue her, but to be ridde of her company, and vse her but according to her conditiõ, so shalt thou haue a hand ouer those humors, that would haue a head, ouer thy heart: and be maister of thy sences, by the vertue of thy spirit, otherwise, Will hauing gotten the bit in his teethe, will runne away with the bridle: and Reason, being cast off, may neuer sit well againe in the saddle: but why do I vse these perswasions for the remoue of thy passions? If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hardly get out: but if thou be but ouer shoes, thou maist be saued from drowning: well, whatsoeuer I heare, I hope the best, but to arme the worst, I haue presumed out of my loue, to send thee this fruit of my affection. In which, if my care may doe thee comfort, I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse: howsoeuer it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindnesse. And so till I heare from thee, which I daily long for: I rest.

Thine as his owne.

N. R.

His answere.

GEntle Millo, I haue receiued thy most kinde and carefull Letter, a messenger of thy most honest loue, who hath told me no lesse then I wholy beleeue: that loue in idlenesse, is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet, though I will thinke on thy counsell, giue me leaue a little, to goe on along with conceit: whereof let me tell thee my opinion. Beautie without wealth is little worth: but being a riches in itselfe, how can it be purely valued? and honour, being but the state of vertue, how can you plucke a little out of her tytle? the tongue is the instrument of wit, and wit the approuer of discretion: where if Reason be grauelled, nature may be admyred: now for words they haue their substance, and loue is not to be abused: for it is a Jewell well knowne, that is worthy his price: Infections are cureis where, and Jealousie a most cruel plague, but rid thy selfe of that disease, and feare not my health in the other: conceit is a kinde of distemper, which worse tormented then with idlenesse, is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but he that is vnwise had need to be reformed: and he that laughes at an imperfection, may fall himselfe vpon the sole: now for a mad dreame, or an imagined witch, a conceited fleepe, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretie humours, and will thinke of their errors: now for sotting and slauerie, and for courting in knauerie, be perswaded, that time will employ my purse to better purpose: then grieue not for mee, but onely loue mee, and let that suffice mee: and for thine aduice in seeing, talking, and giuing, feare not the hadiwist of my folly: for he that is master of himselfe, shall not need to his mistresse: and therefore hee that cannot ride, let him leaue the saddle: for Reason hath a power ouer Wit, where Will is but a seruant to Nature: in the certainty of which course, intending so to lay my hand on my heart, that I will feare no bornes on my head, with many thankes for thy kinde perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my constructions, intreating thee to beleeue of mee no more then thou needest, and to

loue

loue me as thou doeſt, in the faith of that affection, that holds thée deare to my loue, I reſt: during life.

Thine obliged and deuoted. W. B.

A Letter of comfort to a ſiſter in ſorrow.

DEare ſiſter, I heard lately of your huſbands departure for the Indies, when with no little ſorrow I conſidered your heauie caſe: in which, finding his wants to be grieuous, and your friends colde in comfort, I could not chuſe, without vnkindneſſe, but remember theſe fewe lines of my loue vnto you: I knowe your ſtate is weake, how faire ſo euer you make your weather; but the more is your patience worthy honour, that can ſo nobly conceale your diſcontentments; for my ſelfe, I would I were able to do you good, but what I haue, or can procure, ſhall not faile to do you pleaſure: but if your minde be too great to ſtoupe, to be beholding, what I am able to do, take a dutie in my brothers loue: good ſiſter therefore be of good cheare, and put your care vpon me, I will ſee you often, and loue you euer: for a creature of your worthineſſe is ſeldome found in your ſexe: that for her huſbands loue will aduenture the ſtate of her liuing: your children are not many, but ſuch as are ſhall be mine, and you to me as my ſelfe: take therefore as litle thought, and as much comfort as you can, no doubt but God that trieth his ſeruants, will bleſſe them: hope then of my brothers happie returne, and till he come, commaund me, ſhortly God willing you ſhall ſée mée, in the meane time let me entreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater loue, which is but an aſſurance of a beginning of my affections neuer ending, in which predicament of true friendſhip, I reſt euer aſſured.

Your very louing ſiſter.

E. W.

Her

Her anſwere.

Sweete ſiſter, I haue receiued your kinde Letter and louing token, for both which, I am your thankefull debter: but touching which huſband, though his wants were grieuous, yet to want him, is my greateſt ſorrowe, for in the ſtay of his loue was the ſtate of my liuing: I am ſorie that you know my weakeneſſe, and wiſh it but in ſtrength to anſwere your kindneſſe: but good ſiſter, though I am willing to conceale my croſſes, to be beholding to ſo honourable a ſpirit, I count it not the leaſt of my happineſſe. Therefore, though I haue directed my ſelfe to ſolitarineſſe in his abſence, your company ſhall be to me as light in darkneſſe: and noting the nature of your kindneſſe, will euer be beholding to your loue: come then to me when you will, and commaund me what you will, for I will be as goe and you will: my children are my worlds ioyes, and my hearts Iewels, in whoſe faces I will behold their father, in whoſe loue I will ſpend my life: ſo in a merrie goe ſorrie, grieuing for his abſence, and wiſhing your preſence, praying for his happie returne, your health, and mine owne patience, that in too much paſſion of affection, I fall not vpon indiſcretion, with moſt heartie thankfull loue, I commend my life to your commaundement.

Yours affectionately bound.

E. G.

A Letter of loue to a faire Miſtreſſe.

Faire Miſtreſſe, to trouble you with a long circumſtance, I might perhaps feare you with the loſſe of time, and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit; but to auoyd both ſuſpitions, let me a little entreat with your patience, to peruſe in a fewe words, the ſumme of a long tale, in which, the truth of loue, to the laſt houre of death, protcſteth the ioy of his life;

life, but in the fruite of your fauour, of which the thought of his vnworthineſſe, doth too much shewe his vnhappineſſe. Time makes me too briefe, but in your wiſedome is my hope of vnderſtanding, that in my tryall you may truſt me, and by deſert eſteem me: in which, if I deceiue your expectation, let me die in the miſery of your diſdaine. Thus not to flatter you with a fatre ſtile in the ſtate of your worthie commendation, beſeeching to be commaunded by the kinde care of your diſcretion, in the bandes of a vowed ſeruice, I humbly reſt.

Yours alwaies aſſured.

R. O.

The Anſwere.

SIr, as I would be loth to be thought proud, I would as vnwillingly be found idle: either to beleeue too well of my ſelfe, or, not to haue a reſpect of other: Truthe is ſildome maſked with ſmoothe words, and loue is not breedde, but vpon great contentment: your lyking may be greater then my deſert, and ſo alter vpon a better conſideration: but miſtake not your happineſſe, in my fauours vnworthineſſe, where the beſt of my commaundement, may be the leaſt of your contentment. Your conſideration of time may excuſe my ſhortneſſe of writing, where in a word you may vnderſtand, that in deed I intend: that Truthe is honourable in loue, and vertue the faireſt ioy in affection: in which, if I not miſconſtrue your conceit, I will anſwere the care of your kindneſſe: in which, according to the due of deſert, you ſhall finde the effects of your deſire. And ſo for this time I reſt.

Your poore friend.

A. T.

A Letter of counſaile from a kinde Father.

My deare ſonne, you muſt not from your Father looke for a flattering loue, nor take it vnkindly, that I ſuſpect your ill courſes: for I haue paſſed the daungerous time ẏ you now are in, and haue hardly gone through the briers: and therefore in a iealous feare, from an inward care, I cannot chuſe but giue you warning of what may preiudice your good. Beautie is a bewitching obiect, and wantonnes is the ruine of wit: prodigality quickly makes a poore man, and he is only rich that liues contented. But my good ſonne, aboue all things ſerue God, and keep a cleane conſcience, paſſe not the limits of allegeance, nor build Caſtles in the aire, take heed of extremities, for they are out of the courſe of diſcretion, and the fruite of Ignorance, yeelds but the ſorrow of repentance: young men may be wittie, but ſildome wiſe: and ſometime, though Art be a great perfecter of Experience, yet obſeruation, is better then conceited cunning. Expence is neceſſary vpon occaſion, and hope, is not amiſſe vpon deſert: but Reaſon ſometime is more regarded, then rewarded, where Will is too powerfull to be reſiſted. I heare that you are much giuen to Alchamiſtry, it is a ſtudie of great charge to many, and profiteth few: yet I forbid you no good labour, ſo that you loſe not by the bargaine: Vſe therefore a care in the imployment of your time, and wherin my helps may further your good, ſeeke no other friend for your comfort. For though I would not wiſh you to diſdaine any kindneſſe, yet would I haue you as litle as you may to be beholding to any man: for the prodigall are commonly talkatiue, and the couetous negatiue: and what a griefe it is to want, I pray God you neuer knowe. Any qualitie in a mediocritie, I gladly allow you, but let not your loue be carried away with any idle imagination. I haue ſent you a hundreth Crownes, wel may you vſe them, and when you need any moe, ſend to me for them: for your affection touching marriage, I would it were beſtowed as I could wiſh it: howſoeuer it be, it ſhall be much amiſſe, if

I miſſlike

I mislike it. I haue sent you likewise a Horse, now and then to manage in a morning, but I pray you forbeare to vse him as a hackney to ride vp and downe the streetes in idle humors. Conuerse with no fooles, for you shall loose time with them: and take heede of knaues, for there is much to be feared in them. Long not after newes, least you be guld with a Ieast: and take heed of drunkennesse, for it is a beastly humor. Make much of thy money, and abuse not thy friend: be carefull of thy selfe, and forget not thy Father, whose earthly ioy is but in the hope of thy happinesse, and whose deadly sorrowe would be to see thee do amisse. What shall I say more to thee? thou knowest I loue thee, and only in my loue am I thus carefull ouer thee. Accept then my admonitions, and ponder vpon the constructions, they may happe to do thee good, but harme they can do thee none: Vse them therefore for thy best auaile. After the Terme, the vacation will call thee into the Country, where knowing thy Fathers house, thou maist make thine owne welcome. Will when, and alwaies, I will pray for thee, that God will so blesse thee, that I may haue ioy in thee.

Your louing Father,

H. W.

A kind Answere of a louing sonne.

My deare Father; as I wil not flatter my selfe with your loue, so can I not but ioy in your kindnes: whose carefull counsell within the compasse of so fewe words, I will lock vp in my hart, as the best iewel of my life: for to serue God, is the dutie of a Christian, and no longer let me liue, then in the care of that comfort. A cleane conscience I finde like a cleane paire of sheetes, where the soule after labors may take a safe place of rest: to passe the limits of allegeance, merits the losse of life, and he is borne vnhappie that is vnnatural to his country: and aiery castles, are but mad mens imaginations: I know extremes are not durable, nor often profitable: and repentance, a paiment, that pincheth the hart of vnderstanding.

I finde the inſtruction of the aged to be the beſt direction of the youthfull, and obſeruation with Experience to make the perfection of Art: the neceſſitie of Experience cannot be auoyded, but the hope of deſert may be deceiued: for, while Will ſtandes for iudgement, there is no holding of argument: touching Alchamiſtry, I heare much, but beleeue little: and for the charge, I will not waſte your Lande; to make a new mettall: but if by my induſtry I can doo good, I will take the benefite of Time: for qualities, I thanke your large allowance, the beſt meanes with labour to attaine them, for Teachers, are worthie their rewards: to be beholding I loue not, and hate to be vngratefull: But as I follow not the prodigall, I haue little pleaſure in the couetous: and for idle imaginations, I can vſe them as fictions: for your Crownes, I humbly thanke you, and hope to beſtow them to your liking. Your Horſe will doo me much pleaſure, and cauſe me to ſee you the ſooner. For gallopping the ſtreets, it is like children vpon Hobby-horſes, but giddie heades haue ſuch humours, that God knoweth what will become of them: For mariage, though the courſe be honourable, yet could I be content to forbeare it, though in the direction of my affection, I will be much ruled by your diſcretion: Fooles cannot vnderſtand me, and knaues wil but trouble me: but from the company of ſuch ill conditions, the Lord of heauen deliuer me: good newes come neuer too ſoone, nor badde too late, and therefore as they are, I wil eſteeme them: For drunkennelle neuer doubt me, for it is moſt loathſome to my nature: and for my mony, though it be my ſeruant, I will hold it as my good friend: for my friend, he ſhall be my ſelfe; but my Father my hearts loue, and my lifes comfort: in whoſe carefull admonitions, how kinde I finde the inſtructions, the obedience of my dutie, ſhall make knowne to your contentment: the vacation is neare, and I will not be long from you: where finding you well, ſhall be my beſt welcome: ſo thinking my ſelfe bleſt in the heauens, to haue ſo good a Father on the earth, beſeeching God to make me ioyfull in your eyes, by the graces of his mercies, in prayer for your long health, with your hearts euer happineſſe; In all humble thankes, I take my leaue. *Your obedient ſonne. T. W.*

A Mer-

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

AS I haue repoſed truſt in your care, I looke for your performance of my credit: your abilitie in managing ſuch matters as I haue committed to your charge, I make no doubt of: and therefore hoping in your diſcretion to heare of my expected contentment, I will looke by your next Letters to heare of the ſumme of my deſire: in the meane time, let me tell you, that I haue ſent you ouer ſoure ſcore broad cloathes, and thirtie Carzies, with ſuch other commodities as I thinke fit for your vſe in thoſe parts, I pray you make your beſt market, and take heed of your Creditors: for I heare there are men reputed of great wealth, in ſuſpition to play banquerupts, haue therefore a care of your buſineſſe, your trauels ſhall not bee vnconſidered: your French Wines I heare this yeare are very ſmall, and your Gaſcoigne Wines very deare, Prunes cheape, but you know your markets, and ſo I hope you will haue care in diſburſing your money, for it is hardly come by, and as this world goes, doth much in great matters: if there bee any Kelues of worth, acquaint me with them, and in any wiſe, do not trouble me with vntruthes: your Couzen telles mee that you are in good regard with the Gouernour for certaine cloathes that you lately beſtowed on him, hee tolde mee the cauſe, and therein I commend your diſcretion: for ſometime it is bettter to giue then to ſaue, when it turneth to aduantage. In ſumme, let this ſuffice you without further circumſtance, you haue my loue, and my purſe, I pray haue a care of them both: ſo till I heare from you, I reſt.

Your louing Maiſter.

W. H.

His answere.

SYr, I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor haue any feare of my care, for, hauing both your loue and your purse, how can the one let me forget the other? No sir, be you assured howsoeuer banquers play banquerout, fare pawnes will deceiue no credite: and touching such affaires as I haue in charge, doubt not your expectation of my dispatch: your cloathes I haue receiued, and like them very well, your Carzies are verie good, I would you had sent more of them, for they are much in request, and well solde. I haue by good happe met with a hundred Tunne of Gascoigne Wines, vpon a good market, as you may knowe by my note. Prunes are good, and good cheape, and therefore I haue sent you the greater store of them, on the Fattes you shall finde my marke, with two letters of your name. I haue sent you likewise, a Tunne of Cuchiniles, which I bought by a great chaunce, the price you shall finde in my note with the rest. By the next Posts you shall heare what I neede, in the meane time hauing no intelligence of worth, loth to trouble you with trifles, glad to performe that dutie that your kindnesse hath bounde me to, wishing to liue no longer, then to discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health, and euerlasting happinesse: I humbly take my leaue.

Your faithfull seruant.

C. B.

A Letter of chalenge.

MY wrongs are so many, as may no longer be digested, and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise them: for your words are but winde, and therefore I am wearie of them: and therefore if you be not of so cold a complexion that you dare

not

not maintaine your reputation, méete me to morrow early in the morning in some fields a mile out of Towne, and bring with you such Armes as you do ordinarily carrie, assigne your place, and houre, and faile not your appointment, that God the Judge of right, may determine of our wrongs, and the point of the sword may put a period to our discourses. Thus, hauing blowne ouer an idle paper, with a fewe lasse words of my intent, answere me as I expect, or feare of me as it will fall out. In haste.

Your enemie to the death.

T. P.

The answere.

VVHat you haue written to me, I returne vpon your selfe, as loth to lose time in answere of such idlenesse: if you durst goe alone, I would goe with you, but let it suffice you, that I know you, and therefore meane not to trust you, but bring a friend with you, and I am readie for you: come to my lodging as early as you will, and though I would be loth to breake a sleepe for you, yet I will take a little paine to answere you: and for the field, wee will cast lottes for the place, where God, and a good conscience, will quickly determine the quarell: but I feare the point of the sword will make a comma to your cunning: which if it do, you shall finde what will follow. And so leauing further words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end.

Yours, as you mine.

H. W.

A merry

A merrie Letter or Newes of complaints.

HOnest George, mine olde schoolefellow, and kinde friend, glad to heare of thy home quiet, how euer I fare with my farre trauell: whereas thou writest vnto me, for such Newes as this place yeelds, let me tell thee, that there are so many, and so fewe of them true, that I dare almost write none; onely this, vpon my knowledge, I dare deliuer thee: that of late in this Cittie, there are a number of complaints, euery houre in the day, but all to little purpose. The Souldier complaines either of peace, or penurie: the Lawier either of lacke of Clients, or cold fees: the Merchant of small trafficke, or ill fortune: the Trades man of lacke of Chapmen: the labourers of lacke of worke: the poore men of lacke of charitie, and the rich men of lacke of money: the theefe of lacke of booties: and the hangman, that his trees are bare: in briefe, if I should tel thee of all the complaints that I heare of, as well among the Feminine, as Masculine gender, how some old women crye out of young vnthrifts, and some young wenches complaine of olde misers: How some complaine of their customers, and some other of their neighbours, it were such a world of idle stuffe, as would but trouble thee in the reading: but since their complaints are all to little purpose, for that Souldiers are but for extremities, though honourable in their employts, and Lawiers are some troublesome, except vpon agreement of controuersies, though Iudges are worthy honour in execution of iustice: and Merchants may beare with fortune, when their Coffers are full of coyne, though in respect of their trafficke, they are the maintenance of the Common-wealth: and Trades men may sell cheape, when their best wares are all vttered, though it is necessarie, that they bee set on worke for the maintenance of the state: and labourers may rest, when their Harueſt is in, though it be needfull to set them to worke for the auoyding of idlenesse: beggers may hold their peace, when they haue filled the patches of their profession, though it is not amisse to relieue them for the exercise of charitie: now the rich men may shrugge their shoulders,

ders, when they haue no vse for their bagges, though something it be requisit rather to be sparing, then prodigall: and for the Theefe, let him sigh till the hangman doo helpe him: and for the hangman let him mourne, for hée is sure the diuell lies in waite for him; and therefore let the olde meyll munch, and the young titte mourne, I cannot helpe them, but as I heare of their complaints, I haue written thée the contents, which being scarce worth the reading, I leaue to thy worst vsing. And so sorrie that I haue no matter of worth, wherewith better to fit thine humor, in as much kindnesse as I can, I commend my loue to thy commaundement: and so I rest.

Thine euer at his owne. W. P.

The answere of the lawgh.

MY good waggo, I see trauell hath not so altred thine humor, but thou wilt euer be thy selfe with thy friends: for thy kind Letter I thanke thée, and as kindly as I can, will requite thée: as you are there full of sorrow, we are here full of mirth: for in euery place there is nothing so common as laughing: one laughs at an other: the wise man laughes at the fole, to see the nature of his imperfections: and the fole laughes at the wise man, because nature lets him know none of his sorrowes: the rich man laughes at the poore, to see the maner of his life: and the poore man laughes at the rich, to see the miserie of his care: the faire laughes at the fowle, to see how they are despised, and the fowle laugh at the faire to see how they are troubled: the honest laugh at the knaue, to see how he shifts with the world: and the knaue laughes at the honest, to see how his simplicitie is abused; for particulars, how any one laughes at the other, eyther the old at the youthfull, or they at the aged, I dare say nothing: but wert thou here, and had I not the more cause of sorrow, we would laugh a little together to looke at the laugher of this world: but they say, he may laugh y wiinnes, at least till he lose againe: but the natures of their laughing are diuers and very strange, for some laugh so loude that they are noted foolish: some laugh so wide, that they shame their mouthes

with lacke of teeth: and some laugh so cunningly, that they knot ther it vp in a smile: but let them laugh till they be wearie, it is a good world whē men are merry. Which hoping thou art, or praying thou maiest be, that when we kindly meet, we may commune better of these conceits, wishing thee all contentment, and my selfe the pappinesse of thy good company, till I see thee and euer, I rest: one and the same.

Thine as thou knowest. R. W.

A Letter to a friend for Newes.

COuzen, I know you that liue abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes euery day, which we here in the Countrey would be glad now and than to bee acquainted with: your labour will not be much in writing, and for your kindnesse, it shall not be vnrequited: we heare much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but from you that know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the man in the Moone hath faine in loue with a Starre, and walking through the cloudes, was almost drowned in the water: and that the Tomblers of Holrest haue spoiled a number of black Conneys, so that Rabbots are so deare, that a poore man may bee glad of a peece of mutton. It is said heere with vs in these parts, that you of the Citie are much troubled with a new disease, truly we haue reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in diuers houses, what with shrewd wiues, and cuill husbands, stubborne children, and wicked seruants, that many honest men cannot liue in quiet with their neighbours. Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is great encrease of many things, especially of children, which how they may answere the lawe, I will not greatly stand vpon. Thus hauing no matter of moment wherewith at this time to trouble you, entreating you that I may shortly heare from you, I rest, in much affection.

Assuredly yours. R. T.

His

His Answere.

My good Cousen, to answere your kinde Letter, if there were any thing heare worth the writing, I would not haue beene so long silent, but such are the occurrents in these places, as are either not worth the noting, or better vnspoken then written: for loue in youth is so full of idlenesse, and malice in age so malicious, that vertue is so hid vp in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the man of the Moone, I leaue him to waite on the Sunne, but if he haue a mind to any Starre, I leaue him to follow his owlight: for his watery element, since it is all in cloudes, let it hang in the Ayre, I will not meddle with his louing Astronomy. For Connies, I am no Warrener, and therefore let them that haue the keeping of the groundes, looke to their game: I haue small sport in such idlenesse: but for a peece of mutton, a young lambe is worth fiue old Connies, and he that is not glad of such a feast, let him fast for his dinner. For our new disease, it is with many men in the head, & women in the tongue, seruants grow great libertines, and children are sicke of the parents: and for neighbours, there is so much loue in the streets, that there is almost none in the houses: and therefore besides other ordinarie diseases, we want no plagues to make vs looke into our sinnes. But God amend all, for one scarce mend an other: and therefore entreating you to haue patience with me till the next weeke; when you shall heare of the best Newes that come to my hands, I rest: in bounden good will.

Yours as mine owne. N. R.

A disswading from marriage.

Sweete Cousen, I am sorie to heare, that being so well at ease, you wil coosin your self of your quiet: and for want of a worlds hell, you will put your selfe into a purgatorie with a wife: but if it may be that I speake in time: heare what I say, if she be faire, it may breed iealousie: if foule, dislike, and chaunge: if rich, take

hard of pride: if poore, miserie: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Beldame: if wise, shee will governe thee: if foolish, she will fret thee: how deare soeuer she loue thee, she will sometime or other, either crosse or flatter thee: and therefore, if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor foule trouble thee: beleeue me, as I haue read, these are ỹ properties of most wiues: to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to emptie purses, and to breed humors: but if I be decrined in my reading, or mine Author in his writing, either in altering your course, or proouing your comfort, tel me your minde when we meete. Till when, wishing you continuance of that quiet, wherein you now liue, or the true contentment of the best loue: leauing to your discretion, the managing of your affection, I commit you to the Almightie.

Thine euer as his owne. T. W.

The answere.

GOod Cousen, I find your kindnesse aboue your knowledge, in mistaking paradice for purgatorie: for, a wife is ỹ wealth of the minde, and the welfare of the heart: where the best iudgement of Reason findes Discretions contentment. May be is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded, in which sence I am pleased: where youth with beautie, and wit with vertue, haue power to command, where kindnesse must obey. Pouertie I feare not, and wealth I seeke not: but it sufficeth me to seeke no other fortune for the summe of my worlds happinesse: where the anoyding of euill, and the hope of good, makes me know more comfort then you are able to cõceiue, till you enter into that course, where in the toy of loue is the second blessednesse of this life. What shall I say, but that I know not what to say, to expresse the perfection of this pleasure, that puts downe all idle imaginations: from which, hoping to see thee remoued, when I next see thee. Till then and euer I rest.

Thine as thou knowest. B. D.

A kinde Letter of a Creditor for mony.

SIr, I pray you take it not vnkindly, that I write thus earnestly vnto you, for more necessitie, then will hath beged me vnto it: my mony is not much, and you well able to discharge it, the day of paiment is past, and I haue great occasion to vse it, my losses by sea, and ill Creditors by land, make me straine curtesie with my friends, for their good helpe in an extremitie, yet doe I desire nothing but my due: but as I was readie to lend, I would be glad to receiue, with that kindnesse of good will, that may continue our kindnesse. I write not this, as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in tune: for were I as I haue been, and hope to be, I had rather beare too long, then aske too soone, especially of so good a friend, as I haue alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindnes answere me: Time is precious, and therfore least by disapointment, I be disfurnished, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you speede your answere: which, howsoeuer, shall be welcome: and therfore, earnestly intreating you, to helpe me now, that I may the better quit your kindnesse hereafter, with many thankes for your great fauours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserued: I take my leaue further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able euer to pleasure you, to make you know how much I loue you.

Your loving friend at commaund.

T. R.

The debters Answere.

SIr, your request is so reasonable, and your kindnes so much, that for a greater matter then your demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would strain my credit very farre for you: beare then with my a little forgetfulnes of my day, and thinke it no trouble to my patience, to be put in minde of my credit: your sea losses I am sorry for, and wish your recovery by land. Debters that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my selfe, to make you know, how much interest you have in my affection, let me tell you, that though by some inexpected expences, I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet upon the receit of your Letter, I have been thus careful for you: your money I have sent you, and as much more for so long time, I will lend you, which you shall receive of this bearer: and in my Letter, the day of paiment, which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoever it fall out, use it to your owne discretion: and so far be alwaies assured of my love, that my word and deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfained good will, I rest; Alwaies to my uttermost power.

Yours as mine owne.

D. W.

A Letter of Newes.

TO performe my promise in my last Letter, my kinde, and best Cozen, you shall understand, of such occurrents, as I heare goe currant for truth: I heare there are certaine olde people, that speake much of Prophecies, where they set it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants mony in his purse, and a friend in the Court, may walke into the Country, and picke strawes for his comfort: for the lawe

is

is verie daungerous for begging, and Charitie is so cold, that the poore must starue, rather then the rich will want. Old men shall neuer be young againe in this world, and beautie in a young woman, will not let her know her selfe. Honestie without wit, will die on the stole, and craft without credit, will labour to little purpose. In summe, there will be a great plague among the poore with lacke of money, among soles for lacke of wit, and knaues, for lacke of honestie: but it may be, Nature may alter her course in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Howsoeuer it be, welcome that comes on Gods name: and so, hoping thou louest no legerdemaine, nor will be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this only for exercise of a merry humor, I rest.

Thine what mine. P. R.

The Answere.

SUch idle Prophets as you meete with, haue such kind of matter as you write of: but let the world wagge as it list, there is not a truer wagge in the worlde then thy selfe: and were it not, that I feare my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kinde. But to be short, let me tell you, that lawes are good to take order with such outlawes, as after prodigalitie, put themselues vpon Charitie. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may haue young humors, faire wenches, put wise men to their wittes, and honestie, may thriue with a mean trade, when a craftie knaue may lose by his cunning booking. As for the plague, I feare me it is neuer from you: for if neighbors agree, yet their wiues may fall out: and while the poore fret, and the riche frowne, there is little hope of health, where the world is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you haue wit inough, to beware the knaue and the sole, and to make your choise of best company: wishing your continuance of your good humor, with thankes for your waggish Letter, I rest, in our old league.

Yours as mine owne. R. W.

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter of perſwading to marriage.

DEare Couzen, I wō not a little wonder at your ſolitary life, and moze at your little care to match your ſelfe in marriage with ſome virgin woꝛthy your loue: will you leaue the woꝛld without memoꝛie of your name, your inheritance to no iſſue of your owne honour, and runne a courſe of to little comfoꝛt? Me thinketh, that your knowledge of the diuerſitie of varieties ſhould ſettle your content vpon ſome eſpeciall vertue: what if ſome women be aged, ſome are youthfull, and ſome froward, other may be kinde: and ſome wanton, there are better ſhaped: and ſome ſullaine, ſome are louing: and is there none can fit your humoꝛ? God foꝛbid: the lawe of Nature, the lawe of Reaſon, the lawe of God doth will it, that loue ſhꝛæd encreaſe by a vertuous conſunction, which cannot be perfoꝛmed, without the honoꝛ of this courſe. Baſtards will be witneſſes of their parents wickednes, when naturall childꝛen are the ioy of their Fathers: and a true louing wife, is woꝛth a thouſand wilde walkers: her care in the houſe, her kindnes at the Table, and her comfoꝛt in the bed, are pleaſures better conceiued then expꝛeſſed: fall thē aſhꝛd with ſuch a Bird, as you may hold foꝛ your Phœnix, and thinke thy mind at beſt libertie when it is frē from the bandes of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy houſe a home, thy wife thy woꝛldes loue, and thy childꝛen thine earths ioy: which as I hope thou wilt be glad to haue, I ſhall be glad to ſee. Foꝛ good ſpēde whereof, in hartie pꝛaier I reſt. *Thy louing Couzen, R. W.*

His Anſwere.

MY kinde Couzen, I ſee you are better redde then experienced: foꝛ Batchelers wiues, and Maidens childꝛen, are pꝛetie things to plaie withall: but he that knowes many daungers, will take heed of all. A wife is an euerlaſting ſubſtance, which if it be not of the better nature, is a perillous thing to meddle withall: foꝛ if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to a ſoꝛe

ſore paine: and the Phœnix is ſuch a figure, as if I muſt finde hir in a woman, I feare me I muſt ſeeke a great way for her. For the lawes that you ſpeake of, I yeild to truth, but loue is ſo nice an humor, that he ſildome ſettles in a place: for Baſtards, I loue not the breed: and better children will doo well when they come: For bed and boord, and thoſe trickes, let them ioy in them that haue them, when I find time I will thinke on them: in the mean time, more at quiet in my lodging with a friend, then perhaps I may be at home with a wife, not forſwearing marriage, nor poaſting to purgatory, in ſtead of a miſtaken paradiſe: wiſhing thy prayers for my better happineſſe, then loues vieneſſe, and if I doo marry to be kindly matched: I reſt.

Thine as mine owne. D. L.

A Letter of vnkindneſſe vpon a deniall of a Courteſie.

IF my deſerts had not exceeded my deſire, I would haue hated the nature of my humor, which loues nothing leſſe then to be too much beholding: my requeſt was not much, and the grant but eaſie: howſoeuer for ill faſhion, the excuſe may be cunningly framed: but though I conceiue vnkindneſſe in this courſe, I can rather grieue then be angry: for I will miſtruſt my wit, til I ſee too much of my ſorrow: and loue my friend, though I be plaine with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tell you of my diſcontent, then to couer a diſſimulation, and to wiſh your better regard of my affection, then to giue me iuſt cauſe to touch the care of your diſcretion, which in denying a trifle, may loſe a greater benefit: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus grow to an ende: Friendſhip once grounded is not eaſily remoued: and therefore being aſſured of my loue, beare with my diſlike: and wherein I may better pleaſure you, doubt not the ill requitall of vnkindnes, for I can chide and not be angry, and better loue you, then tell you ſo. And ſo intreating your reaſonable anſwere for my ſatiſfaction, I reſt: all diſpleaſure ſet apart.

Your loving friend. N. S.

His answere.

YOur humorous kind of writing, puts me to studie for an Answere: for your anger without cause, may moue cause of anger: you know you might commaund what I am, and will you haue more? Conceit may be deceiued, and so kindnesse abused, and suspition of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting: when seeing your owne fault, you will not thinke amisse of your friend, grieue not then without cause, nor be carried away with conceit: and as you know my nature, commaund my loue, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding: be not discontent with a denial, till you haue better reason of displeasure, but measure me with your selfe, and you shall finde final cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience beare it, so shall friends be themselues, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you wil satisfie your selfe with this answere, til we meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindnes, and rest euer.

Yours, as you know. T. W.

A Letter to an vnthankfull person.

I Haue heard that a Prince sometime ordeining a punishment for all offences, left Ingratitude to the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish though: the Tale may well be true, considering the vilenesse of such a nature, as I thinke the like liueth not in the shape of man. Couldest thou not only forget, but abuse my kindnesse, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow? I could not haue beleeued it, had I not too well proued it: but I wish you would leaue the humor, least it make a loathsome nature: and though I wil not reuenge a wrong vpon a subiect of so much baseness, yet wil I learne to know the condition of so much vilenesse,

bile neſſe, and as well warne my friends from an enemy, as fur-
ther abuſe mine owne wit with ſo miſtaking of a friend. In briefe
therefore, let me tell you, as I know you, I regard you, and as I
found you I leaue you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card, to put in
the ſtock for a wicked help. And ſo ſorie to haue loſt ſo much time
to write to you, I wiſh all the world that knowes you, to hate
you.

Your enemy from the heart. D. M.

His anſwere.

HOw ſtraungely men will write, that impatience doth put
out of order? a good turne is loſt, when it is caſt in the recei-
uers teethe: and abuſe miſconceiued, can hardly be well ex-
cuſed: conſider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning
of a good minde, and you ſhall finde without excuſe, no true cauſe
of diſpleaſure: If the information of malice haue moued choller
without iudgement, poore men muſt endure the miſery of euill
fortune: againſt my ſelfe I will confeſſe nothing, but referre time
to decide all doubts, when Truth ſhall put the differences betwixt
a ſhadow and a better ſubſtance. So leauing ill humors to like
mindes, and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to finde you
your ſelfe, which will be farre inough from that you write: In
ſpight of the diuel I commit you to God: and ſo reſt.

Your friend whether you will or not.

D. R.

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion of ieue: to a Maide.

After my hartie commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writting hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my brothers and sisters, and all my good friends, thankes be to God. The cause of my writting to you at this time is, that Ellen, I do hear since my comming from Wakefield, when you know, what talke we had together at the signe of the blew Cuckoe, and how you did give me your hand, and swear that you would not forsake me for all the worlde, and how you made me buy a Ring and a Hart, that cost me eightene pence, which I left with you, and you gave me a Napkin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will weare to my dying day: and I mervaile if it be true as I heare, that you have altered your minde, and are made sure to my neighbour Hoblins younger sonne, truly Ellen you do not wel in so doing, and God wil plague you for it, and I hope I shall live and if I never have you: for there are more maides then Maulkin, and I count my selfe worth the whistling. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all, how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God. From Callow greene.

Your true Lover.

R. P.

He

Her Anſwere.

TRuly Roger, I did not loke for ſuch a Letter from your hands, I would you ſhould know, I ſcorne it: Haue I gotten my Father and Mothers ill will for you, to be ſo vſed at your hands? I perceiue you be ſo Iealous alreadie, you would be ſomewhat an other day, I am glad I finde you, that you can beleeue any thing of me: but tis no matter, I care not: ſend me my Napkin, and you ſhall haue your Ring and your Hart, for I can haue enough and I neuer ſee you more: for there are more Batcheiers then Roger, and my peny is as good ſiluer as yours: and therefore ſeeing you are ſo luſtie, euen put vp your pipes, for I will haue no more to do with you: And ſo vnſaying all that euer hath bene ſaid betwixt vs, make your choyſe where you liſt, I know where to be loued: and ſo I end. From Wakefield.

M. R.

FINIS.